BLEND IN THE ACTRESS NEW YORK

Mme. Pontsl's Lovely Domestic Life and

contly that Mme. Ponisi would, owing to fail-ing health, appear no more upon the stage, it

was received with the keenest regret.

Mme. Penisi has been dear to the hearts of New York playgoers for twoscore years. She great men and women of the stage who belong to the history of this century, for either here or in England she has at some time or other played with them all. It is a long roll of honor, beginning back in the thirties, when Macready's name heads the list, and Anderson, the Keans, Mrs. Nesbitt, and Buckstone follow.

Our own Edwin Forrest is on record as declaring Mme. Ponisi's Lady Macheth the best upon the stage. Charlotte Cushman was unatlated in her praise of the Juliet Madame played to her Romeo. Madame revived many parts, and created many, among these, Francesca di Rimini. In Boker's play of that name, and Constants in "The Betrothal." She created Parthenia at the old Broadway Theatre. when Mr. Conway was the Ingomar. She was the original Pompadour in "Narcisse," and made of that ungrateful part the most finished and effective picture in the play.



This remarkable woman has always kept her family life singularly separate and distinct from her professional career. Into the little private world of her home public curiosity was never permitted to follow the popular actress. Long ago she married for the second time. Mr. Wallis was a widower, and there were seven little motherless children, whom Madame took straightway into her big, loving heart and mothered through all the years that followed. The Wallis home was too happy to have a history. The children grew un and went their ways into the great world sdame and her husband were left alone tomether, faithful and devoted each to each. Trouble came. Long sickness was the portion of Mr. Wallis, during which the devoted, selfforgetting wife attended constantly to her public duties, only to hurry back the moment they were ended to minister to the wants of her suffering husband. the shadow of death crossed their threshold. Now Mme. Ponisi lives in the house with two of her stepdaughters—her "little girls," as she calls them, though they are women grown, and are repaying by tender filial service the love and cherishing she gave in their helpless childhood. Their home is an old-fashioned ouse in an unfashionable quarter on the west side of town. The quaint front door has long. narrow aide lights, curtained with clear white

muslin. As you stand on the doorstep waiting for admission and glance up and down the long, unlovely street full of carts, chilplaying on the pavement, some across the way dancing to the music of a hand organ, and all the air resonant with street cries and the clamor of a busy, populous neighborhood, the incongruity obtrudes itself. It is so unsuited to the

gruity obtrudes itself. It is so unsuited to the quiet gentle, dignified woman you seek. You wonder mildly how she can stay there. Once within the door, however, all disposition to criticise the locality vanishes. You are immediately in an atmosphere of reminiscence. The walls are covered with portraits and souvenirs, chiefly of those who have passed into the silent land.

"You see I have a great many dead people about me." said Madame to a Sun reporter. noticing the interest her collection awakened. Madame looked perfectly well. She stood erect, strong, and stately—a fine, commanding figure, in a close-fitting black frock with white frills at throat and wrists. Her eyes are lovely and long-lashed, and have a strangely childlike expression. At the first question they twinkled roguishly.



THE PAST AND PRESENT riage, which is said to have brought her much

THE PAST AND PRESENT

BLEND IN THE ACTRESS NEW YORK

HAS LOPED FOR FORTY YEARS.

Man. Penist's Lovely Domestic Life and
Mare Reminiscences.—'Il Have Never
Authorised Any Autonomement that;
May Left the Singe," Says The Remarkable Woman, Who Played Lending
Paris With Macready and Sigred With
Porrest and Crashman.

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"No. sir."
"Fiday night." This was Monday.
"Fiday night." This was Monday.
"Fighteen menths."
"By this time the young woman had settled down to her catechism, and she had to answer a great many questions. Macready inquired if sne knew anything of the other parts sho was to play with him, and when he was told she did not he offered to teach her the business of Queen Calacrine. He gave her much valuable advice, and prophesied a brilliant career. His last words were:

"You have everything in your favor, only remember, always study your author."

Mrs. Ponisi's London engagement came about in this way. Miss. Emma Fitzpatrick, who had been a pupil of the great Mrs. Glover, called "the mother of the English stage," went to play an engagement at Newcastle. She and Mrs. Ponisi became close friends. The two parted, Miss Fitzpatrick going to London, and Mrs. Ponisi became close friends. The two parted, Miss Fitzpatrick going to London, and Mrs. Ponisi became close friends. The two parted, Miss Fitzpatrick spoke for her friend. One of the managera travelled down to Brighton, saw Mrs. Ponisi play Imogene in the tragedy of "Bertram." and engaged her forthwith. She was to play seconds to Miss Vincent. Two days after she opened her career in London in "The Secretary," a molodrama.

It was in London that a proposition to bill her as "Miss." Ponisi was indignantly rejected by this young woman, on the ground that it was undignified for a married woman to deny her ostate. This incident, strongly characteristic of Mmc. Fonisi, was repeated in this country when she came to make her debut, and the result was a compromise upon "Madame," which title she has borne ever since.

She salied for America under a three months' engagement in Septomber, 1850. She never returned to her native land. Ethalbert A. Marshali, who then conducted in theatre in Washington, the Walnut Street Theatre in the first bow set, business and the stream of the first own when a stream of the stream of the stream of the part from Saturday to the sea of the fact tha

"So they thought I had broken down utterty because I defined to go temptorming! I have done plent of that but not not man to all the second and a great newsjaper is not permitted to house and all sace and and a great newsjaper is not permitted to house and and years are the second and the

A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST. BARON MAURICE DE HIRSCH AND HIS

BOUNDLESS CHARITIES.

Mostery in Details and Economy in Small Things were Means to His Fortune-The Vast Fums He Tearly Ulves to Benefit Humanity-His Steple Personal Habits -Benevolences of the Baroness Hirach,

Although the Baron Maurice de Hirsch has for several years been known to all the people of the civilized world, his name does not appear in any of the books devoted to biographies of great men. Strange as it may seem, this wonderful man, who has undertaken the most gigantic enterprises in most magnificent manner, whose fortune is so vast that no one scems to know its limit, whose courage is so splendid, whose achievements bid fair to have a lasting effect upon the world's history, is not even mentioned among the notables of the day in any of the better known publications. There are two possible reasons for this omis-sion. One is that only within a few years has he arisen before the world like another Mante Cristo. Another is that the information obtainable concerning him is so contradictory in most essential features that a biographer would find the effort to search out the truth most laborious and the results exceedingly unsatisfactory. As described by the men who claim personal knowledge of him, he is selfish, generous, vainglorious, modest, ill-mannered, refined, boorish, gentle-manly. All these opposite characteristics are attributed to him by men who stoutly dis-claim any prejudice for or against the object of their criticism. Internal evidence would seem to favor, however, those who speak well of him. The mean man would never expend millions for charitable purposes, even if he were vainglorious; the boor would scarcely be selected for a host by the Prince of Wales. though he possessed all the millions of Europe.

Baron de Hirsch was born in Bavaria about sixty years ago. His father was originally a wealthy cattle merchant, and was ennobled by the King of Bayaria for services to the State. These consisted mainly in lending large sums to the King when he was in financial straits and in advising shrewdly and wisely in financial matters. As a young man the present Baron was employed in the great banking house of Blachoffsheim & Goldschmidt of London. It has frequently been said that he was a partner in the firm, but he never rose to that dignity. He married a daughter of the senior partner, however, and retired from the firm shortly thereafter.

A New York gentleman who knows the Baron

A New York gentleman who knows the survey well and has had confidential linancial very well and has been marked to lollars. His wife has a fortune in her own right. The Haron has been marked to lollars of the line of the had been marked to lollars. His wife has a fortune in her own right. The Haron has been marked to the lower of the his mands. His first great stroke was consuminated to the his mands. His first great stroke was consuminated to the his mands. His first great stroke was consumed to the his profits were commons. He then the his mands which was in a bad way and built it up so that it became one of the biggest banks in Europe. His profits were commons, He then the his stroke was the was in a bad way and built it up so that it became one of the biggest banks in the his stroke was the worst. I should be stroke the worst of the his stroke was the worst. Baron fulfilled his contract to the letter and made a not profit of \$4.000,000. He attributed his success to a mastery of defail, to economy to the worst was to be successful, and when he refired from active participation in the his success to a mastery of defail, to economy of the worst was to be successful, and when he refired from active participation in the his success for the worst was t

THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

He Demonstrates His Skill Before Repre-

through his dead son. The latter, it is said, was a remarkable young man, and was idolized by his parents. He died about the time that the Crown Prince of Austria committed suicide. The Prince of Wales is said to have shown great sympathy for the Baron in his bereavement, and thoreby won his undying friendship. Whatever the truth may be, the fact remains that they are friends, and, on one occasion at least, their friendship resulted in much embarrassment to the court of Austria. The Prince of Wales was a guest of the Emperor and Empress and wanted to cail on the haron at his estate. Jews are not admitted to the Austrian court, and the Prince's hosts were much put out. The visit was finally abandoned, it is said, at the Buron's request.

The Baron is not very highly educated, but he has the ways of a man of the world and the refinement which comes of contact with great people. He has also a great fund of common sense. He is never needlessly extravagant. Mr. Straus once found him condensing a telegram in order to save expense on tolis, although that very telegram authorized his agents to spend \$50,000 in certain charities.

The Baroness de Hirsch is said to be as remarkable as her husband. She is very refined, highly cultured, and possesses much wealth in her own right, yet her training has been such as to fit her to be a poor man's wife. Several years ago she and her husband were in Constantinopie. She spent nearly all her time white there in visiting the slums, scarching for poor persons worthy of charity. She established a number of free schools for the poor, and spent altogather \$125,000 there. Yet she is extremely economical, and sneed the margins of letters and envelopes which she received for the poor pupils of her schools. In a letter to a friend she wote:

"It is a great and terrible responsibility. Friends say that neither the Baron nor his wife has any personal ambition. They are said to have refused many honors which lesser men and women would consider the greatest prizes of life.

Friends and the sea FRENCH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS. Their Merits in the Field Compared and

Entimated. The military correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph has written a series of articles concerning the comparative merits of French and German soldiers. He made his observations during a six weeks' tour of western Germany and eastern France, and has shed an exceptional amount of light upon the personnel of the two great armies which watch each other day and night, year in and year out, from opposite sides of the Vosges.

The punctiliousness of the German soldier in comparison with the French or English soldier most surprised the correspondent. The German never fails to salute his superi-ors, and the latter invariably return the customary recognition. He may be in fatigue dress, with a loaf in one hand and a sausage in the other, but at sight of an officer he stands to "attention." when the hand salute cannot begiven without making it ridiculous. The Frenchman takes life far more easily, and only under ordinary and convenient circumstances when he meets an officer does he salute. If he is engaged at the time in wheeling a cart or drinking coffee the chances are be will not pay any attention to the officer.

The old belief that the German soldiers are inferior as fighters to the French soldiers, that they can win only through their superior organization or through superior strength, is likely to be shaken somewhat by the correspondent's analysis of the merits of Fritz and Piou-Piou in the field. He says:

"In every capacity Fritz seems to be a diligent, dependable, honest fellow. Taken in the gent, dependable, honest fellow. Taken in the mass, whether Prussian. Bayarian, or Saxon, he is not what could be truly called an ideal military type; he is dogged rather than combative. The habits and methods of the parade and field days are deeply rooted in him, and he awaits the commands of those set over him, self-initiation being the rare exception. Summed up, martinet though Fritz may be, his stoid reliability makes him a most valuable fighting man, more to be counted upon in action than those races with greater zeal for combat and quicker perception who cannot endure the strain of that swore discipling which treats burnan units as only parts of a machine. Thus, i think, is the atmost that can be fairly said about the tierman solder. I do not go to the length, because I think the citicism was not merited, of the distinguished Prussian officer who the other day told me that the fighting spirit of their men was not nearly so good as that of the French troops, Give us Frenchmen trained and drilled as our fellows have been, said the officer referred to, 'we could have done infinitely more and better work with them.' I differ entirely from him, because Fritz is really solid rather than showy, and what I have observed during the just week in following the French mannuaves confirms me in that opinion.

"I don't wish to underrate Piou-Piou's military genius and valor in the least, but his tierman compect has stout qualities that offmass, whether Prussian, Bayarian, or Saxon,

"I don't wish to underrate Piou-Piou's military genius and valor in the least, but his German comper has stout qualities that off-set the other. Dash and enthusiasm are first rate, but neither will ever fill the place, either in civil or military history, to be won by study, mastery, or technique, and faithful addression to improved methods in the discharge of human affairs. In France the system of military training remains much on the old hasis. Germany, which has from time to time never hesitated to remodel her methods, has within the last ten years fairly revolutionized her old Drill Sergeant ways. It is almost incredible that Prussia, since the days of the Great

check to before all other countries in ownering clockwork and ramnod precision in drill, holding masses of men as mere automata, should now have reversed the process, and its officers be incessantly insisting upon intelligent freedom of movement rather than exactitude, and high individual standard in place of dead uniformity. It is easier for teermany ty decree than to carry out the French principles of twenty of the control of the dead uniformity. It is easier for teermany ty decree than to carry out the French principles of twenty their newer scheme and plan of drilling they still retain much of the old-time stiffness and precision. By and by they may get rid of the former; the latter is of more value.

"The innovations of drill which have been made rejectedly since the catastrophe of Jena, which since the introduction of smokeless powder and small railore rides, have feasible Hohenzollerns of the late entury fits of apoplectic rage. Much time is now devoted to mastering extending and closing urill, but most of all is given to acquiring the use of the rille, aning and fring. There is no twisting and pulling of the recruit into strained positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat properly, stand erect, and take of positions while alming. He is told to plant if feat positions while alming and fring. The received the properly and the properly alming and properly in the feat position of the received properly and the properly and the received properly and the properly and the received properly

A NEW YORKER WHO HAS MADE A

eling, Falls to Right or Left or Behind Him

Much has been said and written about the boomerang, that queer weapon and plaything of the native Australian. In his hands the missile seems to set at naught all natural laws, even if a tithe of the stories which are told of its pranks are true. There are some who refuse to believe the boomerang capable of performing any of the wonders which are related of it, but put them all down as idle travellers' tales. Many wild stories have been told of its use, it is true, which it would require a violent stretch of the imagination to believe. In consequence, the boomerang is in very bad favor with many people, and any fresh account of its doings is looked on with suspicion.

There is one man in New York city who be-

lieves thoroughly in the boomerang, and his arguments are of the most convincing kind, for he can throw the missile with much of the skill of the Australian black. He is Horace Baker, an engraver, who has quietly followed his profession in this city for many years. The I comerang, Mr. Baker confesses, has



HORACE BAKER.

been his hobby ever since he visited Australia eight years ago. He is nown man past middle life, but in spite of his years and his sedentary pursuit he takes as much delight as a boy in practising an hour or two at a time with the boomerang. From 1885 to 1888 Mr. Baker was superintendent of the force of en-gravers employed on the work "Picturesque Australia." and he spent those years in Sydney. Wandering tribes of blacks from the interior of the island continent frequently visited the shores of Botany Bay and camped near Sydney. Mr. Baker watched them hurling their boomerangs, and e became interested in the curious sport. A tall black would stand at the seashore and hurl the bent piece of wood out over the ocean's surface. It would swing around in the air, describing a circle sometimes a thousand feet in circumference, and finally settle down close to the feet of the one who had thrown it. Mr. Baker determined to become

thrown it. Mr. Baker determined to become an adept in the art, if it were possible, and he bought a boomerang to practise with.

He guided closely every motion the blacks made in throwing the boomerang, and did his best to traitate them. He was laughed at hy his friends in Sydney, for none of the people of that city had ever tried to master the boomerang. Mr. Baker persevered, and after months of practice he caught the knack of the thing and was able to send the boomerang eirching through the air, although he did not have the wonderful control over its movements which the natives possessed. Even this came in time, and when Mr. Baker left Australia he cauld compete, as far as skill went, with many of the blacks, although he did not possess their strength of arm. He could hit of jects with great accuracy at a distance of 200 vards, and when he whirled the boomerang through the air he always brought

HROWING THE BOOMERANG.

| Many of the tribe have a rough design, distinctive of the tribes, and this appears on the boomerang. Some of those in Mr. Baker's possession are covered with grooves. To fashion these an opossum's tooth was used as a tool. Others, with large round pieces cut from them, show the work of a stone chisel, and others bear evidence of having been made with sea shells.

Early one morning recently Mr. Baker came down to Tirs Sun office with a brown canvas bag full of boomerangs tucked under his arm. Two of the reporters, one of whom was very much of a skeptle on the subject of boomering, Falls to Hight or Left or Hehlnd Him.



PROURE 1.

rights, and the other, an artist, were ready to portray what he should see, were waiting for him. Mr. Baker had promised to show, for the benefit of Th. Sun's readers, just what he could do with the boomerang, and he piloted the party out to a big compty lot in Brooklyn, near Prospect Park, which covered the space of a whole block. Mr. Baker stood on top of a hill, and faced in the direction of the low ground which occuried half of the block. He selected a light, flat boomerang of his own manufacture, steaped back a few steps and before the onlookers could study his position the missilo had left his band, and was whirling up through the air in the direction in which it had been thrown. The next meant it appeared to be deflected from its course by the resistance of the air, and it began to circle to the left, still rising upward. It borea striking resemblance to the flight of a bird, an effect which was heightened by the whirring sound, caused by its rapid pivotal revolution. It soured possibly seventy feet above the ground, and then began to descend, still in the circle which had been maintained almost from the moment it left Mr. Baker's hand. This brought the homerang gradually back to the same spot from which it had started, and after skiuming gracefully along the ground like a swallow on the wing, it struck six feet behind Mr. Baker. The sight was a novel one to all present, and several persons liying in the neighborhood who had gathered to watch the strange performance, looked at Mr. Baker as if he were a near-romancer. One rustic individual stood with mouth open while his eyes followed the flight of the boomerang with a frightened stare. His astonishment was expressed by a series



of "Ohs," and he walked off shaking his head and muttering that the devil had a part in it.

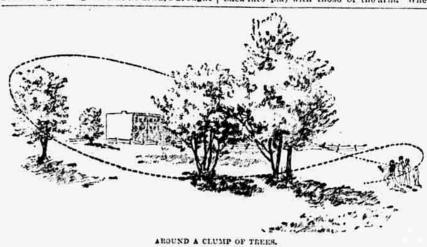
"Now." said Mr. Baker, picking up the beomerang again. "I am going to throw it to my right, and it will elrere around as hefore, return to me from the left, then pass behind me, circle around behind me, and drop down within a foot or two of where I stand."

Mr. Baker was absolutely correct in his calculations. The boomerang sped around in a circle as before, but, instead of stopping when the circle had been completed, it skimmed close to the ground behind Mr. Baker. It hovered in the air a moment, described a small circle, turning to the right this time, and dropped three feet from where Mr. Baker stood.

The great secret in beomerang throwing.

stood.

The great secret in becomerang throwing.
Mr. Baker says, is to bring the muscles of the
back into play with those of the arm. When

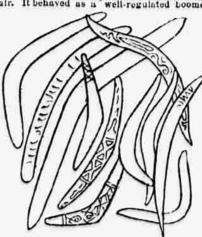


it back within a few feet of the spot where he was standing.

Mr. Baker even tried his hand at making boomerangs, and he succeeded in turning out a number that would "go," as the natives expre sed it. The blacks themselves usually make their boomerangs from mayall, a hard, indigenous wood, using either shells or sharp stones to shape it. When used as a plaything it is flat and thin, from twenty to thirty inches long, and sometimes bent almost to a right angle. The great art in making one is to whittle it so that one end will balance the other, as a slip of the knife may throw it out and render it utterly useless. Almost every scratch on one surface must also have a counterpart on the other. Mr. Baker fashioned his first boomerang from a curved piece of ash which he found in a carriage shop. After much work, in which his skill as an engraver helped him, he turned out a boomerang that would "go," Then he brought it in triumph to a camp of blacks on the bay and asked one of them to try it. The blacks have a queer way of testing a new boomerang, for they treat it as if it were endowed with life. The old fellow who received Mr. Baker's handlwork leet, watching it narrowly as it fell.

"Want to see how he lie, boss," was his explanation.

Then he stole up to where the becomerang lay and gave it a furtive kick with his foot. He tried this several times, looking closely at the place of wood every time, and at last picked it up with an air of satisfaction. He ran forward a few steps and hurled it into the air. It behaved as a well-regulated boome-



rang should, and the black watched it in its flight, jumping up and down in his delight. He wanted to know at once who had made the boomerang, and he shook his head incredulously when Mr. Baker told him.

When Mr. Baker returned to America he brought back an interesting collection of over forty boomerangs, which he had obtained from the different native tribes. Sketches of a few of them illustrate their many fantastic shapes. The one shown on the left of the cluster with a series of lines across it belongs to the Illawara tribe, and is nearly 100 years old. The long boomerang next to it is from the interior of Queensland, and is used in hunting. It is much heavier than the one used in sport, and with such a weapon an expert black can SOME OF MR. BAKER'S BOOMERANGS.

it back within a few feet of the spot where he was standing.

Mr. Baker even tried his hand at making boomerangs, and he succeeded in turning out a number that would "go," as the natives expressed it. The blacks themselves usually make their boomerangs from mayall, a hard, indigenous wood, using either shells or sharp stones to shape it. When used as a plaything it is flat and thin, from twenty to thirty inches long, and sometimes bent almost to a right.



ward. He holds several beomerangs the first hand. In Figure 2 he has brought beomerang round behind his head and magun to take the run of a few steps whose add impetus to its flight. In Figure 3 hearted the beomerang down behind shoulder, and is just about to hurlit, next move is to bring it quickly over left his head and right shoulder, extending arm at full length as he does so, and cold down strongly on his left foot. Figure 4 he becomerang just after it has left his hwith the gyratory motion which it mand in its flight. This is imparted to it by a sizerk of the arm just before it is released upon the particular way in which this jerk is given the whole course of the boomedepends.

Mr. Baker showed many variations

ition the particular way in which this jet is given the whole course of the boomer and depends.

Mr. Baker showed many variations of the boomerang's use, which indicated its remarkable character and his own skill with. He threw one of the boomerang's with kreat time along the line of the hill top or which lewer along the line of the hill top or which lewer standing. He said he intended to strike the surface of the ground about fifty yard-away. The boomerang should then swerve to the left in a circle and return to the soot frem which it had been thrown. The boomerang eleved instructions to the letter. When it struck the ground a new impetus seemed to be given to it, and it rose sharply, circled to the left and came down close to Mr. Baker. Mr. Baker's next experiment was made with a heavy boomerang of mayall wood. He said he would throw it in a straightaway course. He chose a level piece of ground for this experiment. The boomerang kept within four or five fest of the ground all the way and maintained a straight line. It struck against the trunk of a tree 238 feet and 7 inches distant from Mr. Baker, and so sharp was the blow that a piece of tough bark was knocked off. This is the way the Australians use the boomerang as a weapon. Mr. Baker said, to kill rabbits and disable larger game. The boomerang never returns when it is thrown in this

A SENSATION.

A Nine Days' Wonder in a Small Town.

Facts and Details from Our Own Correspondent.

Surprised Many, but Does Not Surprise Us.

Mansfield, O., is not a large place, but it has certainly experienced a great sonsation.

The people are not done talking about it yet. and indeed it will furnish the subject for conversation for a long time to come, as well as food for thought.

Our correspondent, C. C. Coulter, who is a prominent and influential citizen of Mansfield and agent of the Rockford (Ill.) Silver Plate Co., has furnished us with the facts and detalls, which we are positive will prove most interesting to our readers.
"I have a brother, Harry E. Coulter, 21 years

"I have a brother, Harry E. Coulter, 2! years of age," writes Mr. Coulter, "who had never done a day's work in his life; hever ran ten rods in his like—indeed, could not even wake fish.

"Heart disease was his trouble. Last fall he got the grip, and went down, down, down, down.

"Two of our test physicians freated him.

"His tongue was conted hadly, had backache, urine high-colored, brick-dust sediment—worst I ever saw.

"His stomned was almost as hard as a board; in fact, we gave up all hopes of his life.

"It ould the doctors and commenced using "Ho quit the doctors and commenced using of the commenced using the commence of the life."

"It is now better than he ever was in his life, can run, and do violent exercise, and not suffer in the least.



"He says he never felt better in his life; in fact, this wonderful medicine, he tells mesaved his life.

"He coaxed me to take this remedy, and I was troubled something as he had been, only my heart is all right. I had been dectoring since last fall to clear up my system, but without beneficial results. I have now only used two bottless of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and feel like a new man. In fact, I am well, and I write this because I feel so grateful to the remedy for saving my brother's life and my health.

"This is the greatest medicine I ever heard of, and I am sure that if you knew my brother's condition before he commenced the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, the cure would much surprise you."

We do not wonder that this remarkable restoration to health is looked upon as almost a miracle in Mansfield, where, perhaps, the marcelous virtues of this remedy were until now not known, but the cure does not surprise us in the least, for it is something which is taking place constantly in our yleinity, no day, scarcely an hour, in fact, passing in which we do not learn of it curing some one who has been suffering from nervous weakness, blood disorder, kidney or liver complaints, in-omnia, malaria or stomach trouble. It is a fact that this wonderful medicine cures the sick, and it is perfectly harmless to use, being purely vegetable. Druggists keep it for \$1.

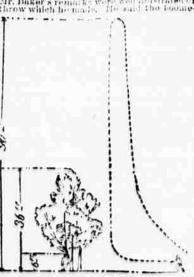
It is the discovery and prescription of Dr. Greene of 35 West I thist. New York, the famous specialist in enring nervous and chronic diseases, who has the largest practice among the sick of any physician in the United States, and who can be consulted free, personally or by letter.—Ade.

way, but falls where it strikes. It has been claimed by some Australian travellers that the beomerang will return when used thus, but Mr. Baker said that this is incorrect.

One of the reculiar uses to which the beomerang is put by the native Australians is the killing of paryots and cockators. Sever blacks hide themselves in the woods around an open spot, while others raise an outer, causing the birds to fly into the open by those the open



sands. Then the blacks rush out with the boomerangs, which they see I hurtling up not the air. A doze of these thrown into the air. A doze of these thrown into the air. A doze of the set thrown into the air. A doze of the set thrown into the air of the least of the beomerang it is him, and for about the feet its causes was parallel to the ground. Then it suddenly recoin the air to the least of interest of them is considered by a control of the set of the least of the l Thursday (4)



ONE OF THE VARIATIONS. one of the variations.

one of the ground and right over the special where the party was standing.

Most of those present lay close to the ground, but a boy who was watching Mr. Baker started to run away. The boomerang was going in the same direction, too, and it caught up with the boy, striking him smartly on the elbew. He had a black and blue spot to show for his experience.